SATURDAY NIGHT

AUTUMN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD F. SUTTON EDITOR

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 23, 1937

Impenitent Liberal

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"The Good Society," by Walter Lippmann. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. $3.25.

MR. LIPPMANN, who with President Nicholas Murray Butler is among the leading intellectual opponents in the United States of all the current dogmas of regimentation, is for that reason a frequent and welcome contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT. He refuses to regard liberalism as rendered unworkable by the technological advances of recent decades, and holds that the more civilized races at least will return to it eventually even if they are for a time seduced by one or other of the rival forms of authoritarianism, that of the Left and that of the Right. Both the authoritarian forms, he points out, are at present enjoying the services of managerial skills and techniques in production which were developed under liberal régimes. The authoritarian régime, with its ruthless suppression of all originality and initiative in the individual, cannot possibly breed or educate these skills, unless it sets itself to the deliberate production of a special and hereditary ruling class or caste which will be trained with an entirely different type of discipline, and the very existence of which will be a flat denial of the alleged socialistic, equalitarian basis of the society and will involve the gradual making-over of the socialist (international or national) structure into an old-fashioned aristocracy. The dictatorship of the proletariat is a contradiction in terms, for the proletariat cannot exercise a dictatorship, it can only submit to it. The people can exercise their will by law, under constitutional forms, but not in any other way; the people never issue decrees, and he who does issue them is not their representative but their boss. Hence the idea that Stalin and Hitler are ruling in the name of the people is a delusion, and is bound eventually to be recognized as such.

ANY régime of authoritarian planned economy Mr. Lippmann believes to be necessarily dictatorial. The collectivist systems all assume, more or less implicitly, "that plurality of interests, which actually exists everywhere, is evil and must be overcome." The dissenter is an insubordinate; he interferes, in the language of Mr. Chase, with "the smooth technical operation" of the economy; he has to be liquidated. A state of war, or a psychological state in which war is regarded as impending and inevitable, is the only condition which will make men accept such a régime as natural and proper, hence the assumption of all the authoritarian governments that war *is* inevitable and just around the corner.

If such governments could really exhibit any superiority in the economic realms of production and distribution there might be some chance of their enduring, but Mr. Lippmann does not believe they can. They can just manage to do a fairly good job on satisfying the collective needs of the community in time of war or preparation for war, for these are relatively simple and predetermined. But they cannot efficiently satisfy the vastly more complex and indeterminable needs of their individuals in time of peace. The more complex the economic struc-

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FROM AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE".

The Personal Library

BY HAROLD F. SUTTON

THE Encyclopaedia Britannica begins its history of libraries with the remark: "The earliest libraries of the world were probably temples." That is a good way to begin any kind of article on libraries, even a brief and unpretentious article like the one in hand, which is not concerned with state or municipal libraries, grand and imposing and comprehensive in the most awe-inspiring manner, but with the private or personal library in which worship is confined to a small and immediate circle and in which comprehensiveness is a miracle devoutly worked and prayed for but whose rarity is humbly accepted as its profoundest characteristic. It is not our intention to make a poetic play of the Britannica's sober statement of fact, but merely to suggest that the thought of a library as a temple is one on which it would be pleasurable and profitable to ponder. For it connotes adoration; and while we had not thought of it exactly in that light before, there is no other genuine way of approach to the gods-in-books.

WE HAD begun this article with some idea of satisfying a reader who had asked us how to go about building a private library, but already we have begun to feel a certain absurdity in the task. Concerning the practical foundations of such a library there is, of course, much to be said—of books of reference and general information—but a private, or as we somehow prefer to call it, a personal library, it has seemed to us on reflection, is one that grows like any other organism; in this case it is the offspring of the emotional and intellectual taste of the select individual. It is true in this case also, that the child is father to the man with a vengeance and that the emotional and intellectual taste of the parent can be qualified and expanded as the unique relationship is continued, which in turn affects the character of the child. It is this process of never-ending growth and change that makes the association with books so full of fascination. But it does not alter our original point, we believe, that the general character of the books with which one surrounds oneself is pretty well determined by one's temperament and personality. A man may be known by the company he keeps; he is equally known by the books he keeps.

OUR present advice to our correspondent is to adventure fearlessly in the book marts. He will engage on the most delicious enterprise in the world, the acquirement of books which open new vistas of knowledge or experience and to which one in the pride of possession can return to again and again for an old capture. Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" Stendhal's "The Red and the Black", Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage"; thus we could begin a small list of books the thought of whose presence on our book shelves will always give us a warm feeling.

When we are in a more specific mood—and when also, space is not so limited—we will have something to say about the practical foundations of a personal library—the dictionaries, the encyclopaedias, the books of knowledge, the definitive repositories

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Gallant of History

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

"Young Henry of Navarre," by Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Toronto, Ryerson. $3.

THE subject of the study is one of the most dashing figures of history and the author is the brother of Thomas Mann. Henry of Navarre was a virtual prisoner for years because he was a menace to the established power of his time in France. Heinrich Mann is an exile, his views being dangerous to the present régime in Germany. It makes a defiant "set-up."

The book is not written as history. It is a novel in which the turgid court of the Valois, presided over by that spiderish old woman, Catherine de Medici, is portrayed against the background of France ripped in two by civil war. The unholy struggle of the period is shown as it actually was, a vain effort of feudalism to hold its own against central government. The sinister family known as Guise secretly manipulated the religious emotions of the people, and the decadent family sitting in the Louvre, known in history as the Valois, persuaded themselves they were saving the religion of the people when they were really trying to save themselves. The people killed and feasted in an orgy of passion, totally unrelated to the underlying causes of the fighting. Another family, known as Bourbon, headed at first by Jeanne of Navarre and later by her young son, Henry, stood for the Protestant minority. Catherine, who always tried intrigue before she resorted to murder in dealing with her enemies, manoeuvred young Henry of Navarre into the Louvre and dangled before his eyes the most sumptuous young woman of her time, Margot, Catherine's own daughter. Margot had the husky throat voice and the seductive drawl peculiar to the Medici. She had old Lorenzo's capacity for magnificence and she concentrated it upon the art of amour. In this she had been thoroughly trained by her mother who padded watchfully from room to room of the Louvre to see that not only her daughter but also all her maids of honor were using their talents in the interests of the state. Young Henry fell into the trap and a great to-do was made about the religious tolerance implied in the marriage of a Princess of the Valois to the Protestant Navarre. It was an old Medici trick of window dressing. Behind it Catherine plotted to be rid of all the rebels. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew taught Henry the truth. But there he was in the Louvre and there he waited. He turned out to be a genius at waiting, another such genius as Elizabeth Tudor. He waited long enough for destiny to play into his hands. One after another the Valois died. The old woman was left without a son to do her will. None of them, not even Margot, with all her ardors, could produce an heir. The Guise family also died out, exhausted from war and the revels incumbent upon anybody of position in society at the time. There was nobody to be King except Henry of Navarre. Like Elizabeth of England he was secular minded. No religion mattered very much to him, and a central strong

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"The Italian Disease"

BY FRANK H. UNDERHILL

"Goliath: the March of Fascism," by G. A. Borgese. Toronto, Macmillan. $3.35.

PROFESSOR BORGESE is another of the group of brilliant liberal intellectuals who are now living in exile from their native Italy. An internationally known literary critic and writer, he had held, besides academic posts, the position of foreign editor of the great Milan paper, the *Corriere della Sera*. He used to know Mussolini in Milan when the future Duce was a second-rate journalist, in those years of his obscurity when "his eagerness, led or misled by an almost neurotic sense of smell, went after opportunities always deceiving." He watched the fascist rise to power and the transformation of the adventurer into Caesar, and during this period he was still occasionally consulted by Mussolini, though his advice was never taken. But in 1931, when the fascist oath was being imposed upon all professors, he took advantage of a visit to America to leave Italy for good, and he is now a professor in the University of Chicago.

This book is a remarkable study of his own country and of its present dictator, written to explain why Italy fell a prey to Fascism. Professor Borgese refuses to accept as fully satisfactory the Marxian economic analysis which explains Fascism as the final stage in the evolution of capitalism, when monopoly-capitalists, faced by the rising challenge of the organized workers, throw off the cloak of democracy and establish their control of the community by a combination of force and demagogy. He thinks that this explanation fits Germany perhaps, but Italy not at all. Men, he believes, are ruled by their passions rather than by their interests. And if we are to understand Italy we must examine "that faculty of the mind where men preserve the pattern of their imaginative habits, thus shaping along lines of hereditary education the myths of their individual and collective desires."

Italy has been ruined by the spell of deadly inherited habits. Professor Borgese traces the intellectual history of his country to show how since the days of Dante she has been subject to a certain psychological complex which has prevented her healthy development in modern times as a modest second-class liberal power. Her fatal inheritance was the memory of the Universal Roman Empire. She could never shake herself out of dreams of Rome as the centre of the world. And this complex, combined with the Machiavellian conception of politics as divorced from morals, has corrupted and perverted modern Italian development. It is in this sense that he calls Fascism the Italian Disease. "Too stubbornly, for too long, have Italians entertained the most distorted ideas about themselves and others. They have thought of themselves as a nation of geniuses in a universe of dunces. . . . Defective self-knowledge, together with the persistence of imaginative and emotional patterns unadjustable to the actual state of society, makes the background of individual and collective crimes and suicides."

This general thesis our author works out in a series of penetrating sketches of the great Italian thinkers and poets from Dante to Mazzini to D'Annunzio. He shows how this modern would-be combination of Napoleon and Caesarism prepared the way for Mussolini. He shows how Italian ambitions, under the teaching of the pre-war nationalist movement, had already been turned from their natural direction; and how the politicians of 1918-1919 demanded not outlets for emigration, opportunities for trade, and a fair distribution of raw materials, but territories such as Dalmatia, "Roman territories, columns and arches to restore." And then he proceeds, in chapters which take up the main part of the book, to tell the story of Mussolini's rise of the March on Rome ("He crossed the Rubicon in the Milan-Rome *wagon-lit*"), of the setting up of the dictatorship, of "the march on the world" by way of Corfu, Ethiopia and Spain, a march which he thinks may have been stopped last summer outside Madrid just as the Turks were once stopped outside Vienna and the Bolsheviks outside Warsaw.

This part of the book is more brilliantly malicious than anything that I have read for years. To attempt to summarize it would be useless, because no summary can reproduce the exuberant high spirits with which the story is told or convey the cumulative effect of the polished insults to the Duce with which every page glistens. He gives us a devastating sociological analysis of the Romagna, the section of the country where Mussolini grew up. He examines the Duce's pretensions to artistic and philosophic achievement: "if he was interested in poetry and the fine arts almost as much as Nero, he was hardly less busy about philosophy, and especially theology, than Wilhelm II." He turns aside to witty and contemptuous sketches of the Italian monarchy and of the Vatican; to a study of "Fascism and Tourism," in which he takes a fling at distinguished American visitors to Italy; to a survey of "The Foreign Legion," i.e. the host of foreign intellectuals who now find virtues in the fascist system (including Bernard Shaw, who "toys with Fascism merely for the pleasure of teasing the hypocritical English tradition of liberty, thus gratifying the only consistent passion of his life, an Irish dislike, half-jocular, half-bitter, of Great Britain.").

He is interesting and illuminating upon Nazi Germany also. For while he sees economic forces as playing a bigger part in the rise of Hitler than in the rise of Mussolini, he points out that Fascism so far has conquered

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EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT

Princes of Gossip

BY FELIX WALTER

"The Goncourt Journals," by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt; edited, translated and with an introduction by Lewis Galantière. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran & Co. $4.00.

THE brothers de Goncourt were the most malicious tabby-cats who ever wore trousers. If anyone during their lifetime had even suspected that they were storing up that veritable powder-magazine of gossip which their journals contain, no hostess would have received them and men would have fled from them in the streets. But who would suspect two harmless young aesthetes who collected oriental bric-à-brac and wrote scholarly works on eighteenth century life? So all through the French Second Empire they rubbed shoulders with Flaubert, Turgeniff, Saint-Beuve, Taine, Théophile Gautier and a host of lesser lights, noted down their more extravagant post-prandial statements after the famous Magny dinners, and painstakingly collected the most embarrassing details about men in the public eye from the many queens of the *demi-monde* whose golden age coincided so closely with the reign of Napoleon III. Their *chronique scandaleuse* is so scandalous that even today, 41 years after the death of Edmond (Jules died in 1870), their literary executors still refuse to release for publication substantial portions of the original manuscript.

As gossip, then, The *Journal* of the brothers de Goncourt is of the first importance, as essential for a thorough comprehension of the second half of the nineteenth century in France as are the *Letters* of Mme. de Sévigné and the *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon for the age of Louis XIV, or Pepys' *Diary* for Restoration England. But it would be a mistake to imagine that the Goncourts were masters of tittle-tattle and nothing much besides. They were extremely sensitive artists with a supreme talent for picturesque expression and for the descriptive portrait. Their concise word-etchings of Georges Sand or Taine are masterpieces. They were also doctors of paradox and indeed make Oscar Wilde and the whole English mauve decade seem something of an anticlimax. Here is a typical entry for 1861: "I sometimes think the day will come when all the modern nations will adore a sort of American god, a god who will have been a man that lived on earth and about whom much will have been written in the popular press; and images of this god will be set up in the churches, not as the imagination of each individual painter may fancy him, not floating on a Veronica kerchief, but established, fixed once and for all by photography. Yes,

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GREECE

A monument in gracious memory of a lovely lady. (From "The Arts".)

Life in South Africa

BY SHEILA MITCHEL

"The Turning Wheels," by Stuart Cloete. Toronto, Collins. $2.50.

ON THE first of November "The Turning Wheels" will be released for Canadian sale. It has already been selected by the Book Society for The British Empire and by The Book-of-the-Month Club in the United States. Not since the historic publication of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm" has there been so much excitement about a publication from that part of the Empire.

The author was born in Paris. He served during the war as an officer with the Coldstream Guards and was invalided out of the army. He then returned to the home of his people in the Transvaal.

The story has the magic of an ancient epic. In convoy after convoy the Boers left Cape Colony and trekked through dangerous country to found the Orange Free State, taking with them their women, their children and their household goods, and along with these a stubborn and determined faith in their own capacity to sway destiny. As they trekked, they lived with stoic drama. On farms, or in waggons on the move, life went on. Men and women ate and slept and made love; children were born; a few died. A fat old woman managed somehow to make jams as usual, with a fine disregard for the immediate likelihood of everything, including the jams, being destroyed by Kaffirs and Zulus. The leader was a gaunt fanatic who felt himself called by the Lord to lead the people to a promised land, and also to contribute as many children to the population as possible through the co-operation of women, kept thoroughly within a female program of propagation. The old leader had his eye upon a young girl, and the young girl had her eye upon his son. Death had struck the convoys often and so the death of one young man meant nothing in the divine plan. The young man died. The girl married the old man but found no satisfaction in being wife to the Lord's anointed. As time went on and the Boers settled down in their new farms, the young wife saw that there were other men, and her husband repeated an older history in finding women not racially pure, but willing and attractive, who also could increase the population.

So the story moves dramatically, including in its epic treatment of a great trek human relationships wherein anger and jealousy and frustration take hold of the elements of life and twist the plan out of all civilized form. It becomes heavy and humid as the continent on which it all took place, and it reaches a climax in the destruction of nearly the entire colony by the savages.

WITH intensity and at the same time an easy narrative flow, Cloete portrays the pull of savagery in the human being, particularly when in surroundings elementally savage. The savages themselves are only a short distance back in the hills throughout the story. They lie around it. Jungle animals stray into the settlement, and human beings struggle with forces too strong for them. It is a very male story. Much more sheerly male than most of the fiction being published. And yet sitting backstage throughout the story is one of the most interesting female figures of all fiction—the fat old woman who made the jam. She survives the final catastrophe through an accident. She surveys the whole story with an acceptance of its stark tragedy no man could ever muster. Life would go on, somehow, she knew, wars or no wars, in spite of pestilence and savages, and even in spite of human beings making their own little plans. For this portrait alone the book should be hailed as a masterpiece, but it is only one of a superb gallery of human kind living violently on the edge of savagery. It is a soldier's book, written without the evidences of shock which characterize the writing of the men who write about the last war. This, as drawn, is a story of war when war still meant a genuine struggle for survival, calling into use skill and courage and a supreme will to live. As a soldier he sees life in the raw. And portrays it so. He reaches for no Thesaurus to find polite synonyms. Men are as God made them. Women are as men made them and the children remain as they were originally intended to remain, not individuals, but seeds of the race. The story is so remote from the Twentieth century, with its shrinking from war, its feminism and its awareness of children, that people will read it enthusiastically for emotional relief. It is like a great elemental composition in music, acting as an emotional purge upon passions choked back by civilization.

CARELESS PHOEBE

THOUGH Phoebe has an honest eye,
And a mind with learning laden,
We scarce need stop to wonder why
She's still an unsought maiden.

For she may have a perfect nose,
And she may have a fair face,
But the seams in Phoebe's silken hose
Go up like a circular staircase!

ARTHUR STRINGER.

MODERN JAPAN

"Eyes on Japan," by Victor A. Yakhontoff. Toronto, Longmans, Green. $4.00.

BY NICHOLAS IGNATIEFF

FOR a book written a year ago the title is prophetic. To General Yakhontoff with his intimate knowledge of Japan extending to over a quarter of a century, the present developments in the Far East do not come as a surprise. He clearly foreshadows them in the present volume and attempts to indicate the underlying cause of the trouble.

In his conclusions he says: "There is no escape from the general conclusion that Japan faces a grave, widespread and multiform crisis. It is foreshadowed in her economic and social life, in her political as well as her cultural status, and in her relations with the rest of the world.

"It would be foolish, of course, to ascribe all this merely to the fact that in her hasty transformation Japan has stressed modernization of her economic structure without making commensurate changes in the social structure. Nevertheless, this seems the cardinal cause of her malady."

As this passage indicates, General Yakhontoff sees the forces which are impelling Japan upon her present amazing course as deeply laid in the very life of the nation and its attempt to perform a cultural revolution and a readjustment in political and economic terms unparalleled in history. Therefore he starts by sketching the historic background

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STUART CLOETE
Author of "The Turning Wheels".

THE PRINTER APPEARS UPON THE SCENE
Drawn by Hendrik Willem Van Loon for "The Arts."

Willem the Conqueror

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

"The Arts," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Musson, Toronto. $4.50.

ART is produced and consumed. It has many different forms, and with some forms consumption is contemporary with or follows very soon after production, while with others production itself may take years and consumption may go on for centuries. We are still consuming the art of the pyramid builders, of Praxiteles, of Shakespeare and of the Italian Primitives. We are producing *and* consuming jazz.

The production and consumption of art are thus parts of the life process of the human community, and as such they dovetail in very closely with all the other parts—with economics, politics, religion, social relations and so on. Everybody knows this as a general principle; but people who write about art, and especially people who write about any one particular branch of art, have a habit (doubtless for convenience) of isolating it from everything else as if art went on by itself in a vacuum. There is therefore a great need for a book such as this, which presents the processes of production and consumption of the arts as part of the general social process—which exhibits, for example, "the beginning of our modern orchestra" in the form (delightfully illustrated by Mr. Van Loon's own brush) of "Jongleurs improvising a little concert while waiting for their dinner to get ready in the kitchen," and reminds us that the characteristics of the art of the Baroque were due to the intense desire of authorities, whether dynastic, Jesuit or Protestant, to "impress and overpower at all costs" in order to establish their ascendancy over the masses. (The new type of authoritarianism, in Germany and Italy, has learned the lesson well.)

What Mr. Van Loon teaches us in this book is eminently calculated to enhance the interest of the modern generation in the arts. For he teaches us that there is a direct connection between the music of an age and the behavior of its police; between the theatre of a country and the nature of its banking system; between the painting of a religious movement and the kind of people who manage it. In exhibiting these connections over a period of several thousand years of human life since the cave-painters of Altamira, he has to do some lofty generalization. But he is greatly aided in this task by the extreme fluency and ease of his style, which is American (in the tradition of Mark Twain) without being vulgar, lucid without being schoolmastery, and light without being flippant.

A FEW errors are inevitable in such a survey. It is straining a point to describe the Adam Brothers as "contemporaries" of Sir Christopher Wren; they were born a few years after his death, and their style represents a very different, and economically much more advanced, era. A passing reference to English landscape as *"durchkomponiert"* does not adequately suggest the amazing extent to which the agricultural land of England was deliberately and consciously "parked" in the eighteenth century with a view far more to producing the utmost aesthetic amenity for the great landowners than to raising the largest quantity of agricultural produce. The doctrine that "art goes where the money is," frequently reiterated in Mr. Van Loon's book and on the whole true, needs some qualifications. There have been very wealthy communities, such as Babylon and Carthage, which failed entirely to develop or even to acquire anything worth while in art, so that there may clearly be inhibiting factors other than poverty. Mr. Van Loon himself cites another instance, the reign of Solomon in Jerusalem, whose sole artistic achievement, the Temple, must, he says, have made its imported architects shudder if they

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An Epic of Ireland

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

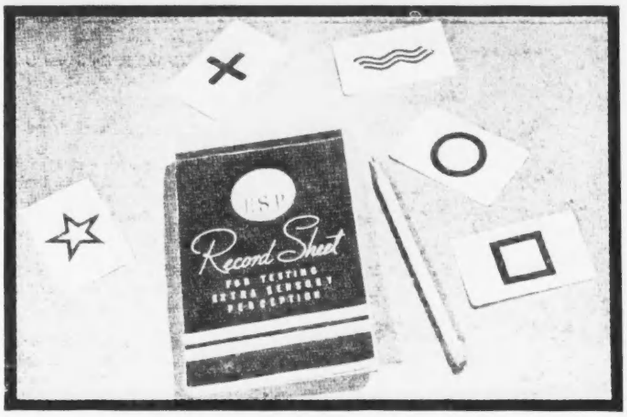
"Famine," by Liam O'Flaherty. Toronto, Macmillan. $2.75.

WHEN you come upon a book like this one that is so deeply moving and fine and true it seems futile to sit down and write a little piece about it. It's a book about Ireland at the time of the potato famine in eighteen forty-seven, it's about a few families that lived in the Crom valley, how they were there thriving on their bits of stony ground, and how after the blight had touched the country they were all gone. O'Flaherty touches these people so truly that the story takes on the flow of a great heart-breaking epic.

It's not one of those Irish books where the people all have a tear and a smile. The mark of O'Flaherty's greatness in this book is that he is able to show his Kilmartin family in the beginning living little better than savages in their cabin, representatives of a conquered people who had lost all the dignity and independence of free men, and yet, as he stays with them their underlying humanity, their warmth and tenderness begin to emerge and each one of them becomes very dear to any reader that really likes people, and as they die off, as they try to escape to America, or if they are too old, they wait stretched out on their beloved pieces of rocky soil, it becomes one of the most heart-breaking books I have ever read.

The O'Flaherty novels in recent years have all been hard driving dramatic books like "The Informer," or "Mr. Gilhooley," or "The Puritan" and "The Martyr." In all of these books he showed he had as much if not more actual writing talent than any novelist writing in English, only there were times in the last few years when he didn't seem to want to be bothered doing anything about it. In "Famine," however, all his fine talents merge with his material. What comes out is a book so good that it won't be touched by the books of many writers in the next few years. The story has everything. I remember in "The Informer" how that poor stupid Gypo began to become terribly important to me; it's the same way with old Kilmartin in this book, and young Martin, and the old ladies and the odd idiotic old men. You get into their lives, into their soil, you see the valley, you know the things they want, the things that were terribly important to them, and God knows there weren't many; that Crom valley now seems to be a part of my life. And it's fascinating how these people in the face of starvation, watching their good crops being shipped to England to feed the English, who had taken the country from them, become heroic just out of their eagerness to live and have their children on the bits of soil left to them. That means O'Flaherty has been able to flood each page with life and dramatic incident. Maybe it all sounds harrowing and sordid. It's not so; O'Flaherty is too close to the hearts of his people. The book is full of poetry and tenderness and beauty. Every time the characters open their mouths they speak beautifully.

Here also are certainly some of the most powerful and eloquent scenes that have appeared in the modern English novel: scenes depicted often in just a few lines; a half demented mother dragging the children she killed so they would die more quickly along the road to a grave she would dig herself; dragging them behind her in her old black shawl; or the scene where the few old people grow terribly suspicious and fearful that their stronger children are going to desert them. There are fifty such scenes of great power and beauty. In the end, when the husband and young wife, with her heroic eagerness, escape to America, and the wife hands her husband a piece of the brick from his father's hearth the old man had given to her you know all that the land meant to these people and in a few lines O'Flaherty touches the peak of great poetry. I wish everybody in America would read this book.



"E S P TEST CARDS AND SCORE PAD"
From an illustration for "New Frontiers of the Mind".

The Darwin of 1937?

BY GEORGE McCRACKEN

"New Frontiers of the Mind," by J. B. Rhine. Toronto, Oxford University Press. $2.50.

"The World and Man as Science Sees Them," edited by Forest Ray Moulton. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran. $4.50.

DR. RHINE'S book is the October selection of the Book of the Month Club; Dr. Moulton's book is the September selection of the Literary Guild; and they are both extraordinary books about science written for the lay reader. There, however, the similarity ends. If you want a good, sound, conservative investment, one that will still be paying generous dividends in your old age, and are not greatly interested in capital appreciation, pick "The World and Man." If your taste is rather for the most exciting speculation offered in the literary market in many a year, pick: "New Frontiers of the Mind"; it may not be worth the paper it is printed on six months from now, but on the other hand it has a real chance of becoming the most important book the twentieth century will produce.

"The World and Man" is another of the "outline of science" type of books, ordinarily a vicious type since a neatly rounded summary of the whole field of science has the unfortunate tendency of lulling the reader into the belief that he knows something about science after reading one of them. But this book is probably by far the best of its kind. It is excellent journalism without a trace of dullness, yet it is a scholarly volume that can be used without academic embarrassment as an elementary university textbook, and probably will be used as such in progressive universities. The authors are eight professors of physics, chemistry, zoology, botany, geology, physiology and anthropology at the University of Chicago, one professor of zoology at Harvard University, and Dr. Moulton who was formerly professor of astronomy at Chicago and is now the permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The book's greatest usefulness will be to those who have fairly good academic education and desire a broad picture of the respectable positions in scientific knowledge in the year 1937. It is not likely to have the vicious effect of other books of its type because a certain amount of education is a prerequisite to its enjoyable reading, and those who do read it will realize that entire volumes have been written on subject matter which is condensed into a paragraph. The jacket blurb which describes it as "a systematic survey of the whole field of science" is an exaggeration.

Dr. Rhine's book, in a not very smooth but exceedingly popular journalistic manner (and yet with considerable regard for his responsibilities as a scientist), describes his already widely publicized experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance which he has been conducting for the past seven years at Duke University. He concludes that the evidence which he and associate investigators have amassed proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that "extra-sensory perception" exists. He goes even further and suggests that the evidence seems to indicate that whatever "force" is involved in telepathy and clairvoyance does not obey any recognized materialistic laws. Already the storm of controversy which broke around Darwin's ears on the publication of "Origin of Species" in 1859 is beginning to lower over Rhine. But while Darwin found his greatest opposition in the theology of the time, Rhine is certain to find his in the more mechanistic camps of modern science. So, if Rhine's research is eventually substantiated, the fundamentalists will have an important weapon for putting the extreme materialists on the spot.

THE evidence presented by Rhine that telepathy and clairvoyance are possible under certain conditions and with certain subjects appears impossible of refutation to the average reader, but his methods of working and his results are of such a nature that the coldly impersonal kind of scientist will immediately bristle. A number of them have already bristled and are looking for the flaws in his work. Notable among them is Professor Chester E. Kellogg of McGill who appears to have found a serious flaw in Dr. Rhine's application of the mathematics of probability to his evidence. Professor Kellogg declares in a recent article in *The Scientific Monthly* that the Duke research "is quite inconclusive" and that neither Dr. Rhine nor any of his followers "has so far given proof of the existence of either clairvoyance or telepathy."

There the matter stands at the moment, and Dr. Rhine is continuing his research. The gist of the situation is that, in spite of his own belief that he has proved the existence of extra-sensory perception, Rhine has not quite met all the very exacting requirements of scientific proof; but at the same time none of his critics has yet met the same exacting requirements for proving him wrong. And the weight of Rhine's evidence is so great that something conclusive will have to be done about it as soon as possible. A flaw of a conclusive nature may be found at any moment, in which case the book becomes merely a curiosity. But if Rhine is able to gain acceptance for his work from the general body of science, the book becomes of approximately as great importance as "Origin of Species." One significant fact that should not be overlooked is that all Rhine's research has been done under the general supervision of Professor William McDougall, who is one of the two or three greatest psychologists the English-speaking countries have produced.

Work in Progress

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"Men of Good Will," by Jules Romains. Toronto, Ryerson. $3.50.

AS THOUGH all eternity were before him Jules Romains in "The Depths and the Heights" continues his massive, multitudinously detailed study of contemporary French life. This is the sixth volume of the interrelated series, "Men of Good Will." The author has moved just perceptibly nearer the Great War—the period is 1912. His final intention is still a matter for speculaton. But it becomes clearer with every addition to his vast work that Romains is something more than the great historical realist of his period, engaged in an external survey of human activity, in the little and the large. Jules Romains' concern, however detached and dispassionate his approach, is with the human spirit. Its interpretation of his findings will come in his own time and on his own terms as philosopher as well as historian.

The present volume comprises two sections: "To the Gutter" and "To the Stars." Since there is no central narrative in Romains' work, his main characters are in a sense symbols of the particular section of French society under his observation. Thus "To the Gutter" is a study in moral corruption, the viciousness of a group that lives by depravity, with George Allory, a third-rate novelist, as the victim and final example of the power for evil. Allory, tormented by fear of failure and poverty hopes to find security in election to the French Academy. When his candidature fails he descends by a process made easy by vanity and weakness into a dark limbo of vice and perversion. The study of George Allory is clinical only in its detachment and detailed observation. The symptoms and ultimate disintegration are pitilessly noted. But Allory is more than a case history. His story and the story of his associates is constantly lighted by Romains' insight, imagination and subtle irony. The exact diagnostician is always present, but there is no point at which he supersedes the creative artist.

The second part "To the Stars" is dominated by the figure of Dr. Viaur. Dr. Viaur is a young scientist engaged in the opening chapters in research work on antisepsis and the revitalizing of damaged tissue. Midway in his experimentation his interest is suddenly diverted to the case of an unusual patient, a waiter named Vidalenque. Vidalenque is able to accelerate or retard his own heartbeat at will, and even to stop it altogether. In this single extraordinary case Viaur sees the breakdown of the entire mechanistic principle with which science has been obsessed since the days of Newton and Descartes. . .

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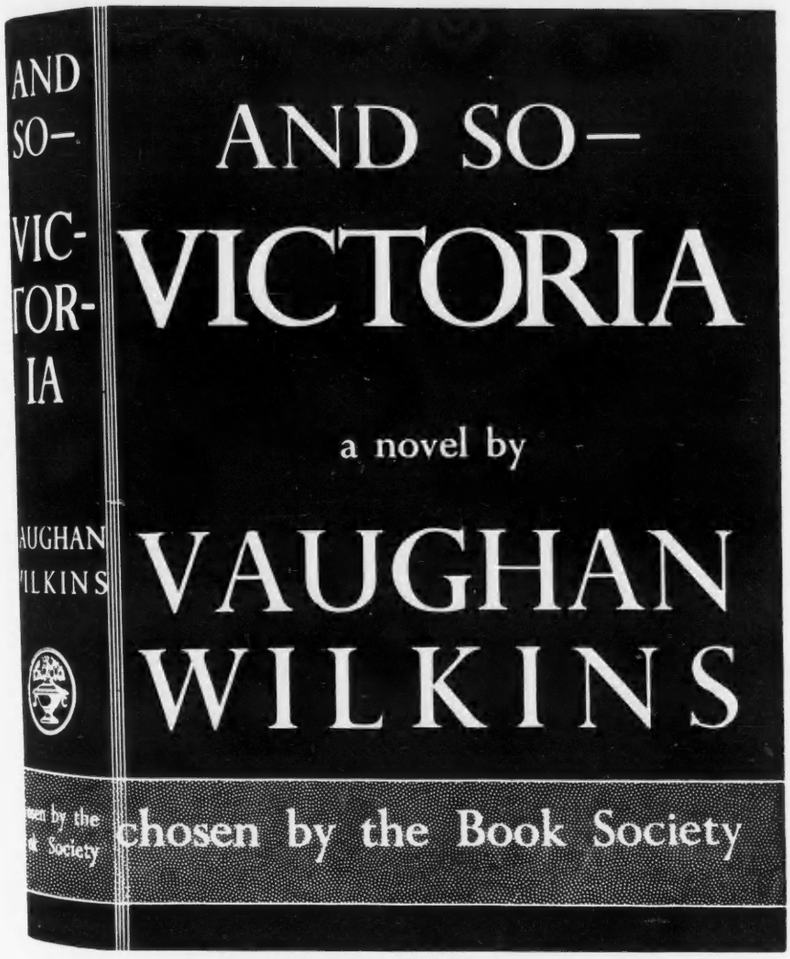
THE chapters describing Viaur's discovery and his new approach to experimentation are extraordinarily exciting. In Dr. Viaur, Romains presents a scientific genius, a man of profound integrity with an intellect at once daring and skeptical. Viaur, in those hours of exalted realization and resolve, when he turns his back on his former experimentation and sets himself towards his new light, is utterly convincing. Further, there can be little doubt that the author himself accepts as valid Viaur's approach to biological theory. In an earlier work "The Body's Rapture" Romains revealed himself as profoundly convinced of the extra-

(Continued on Page 11)

Sweeping the English-Speaking World



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LONGMANS, GREEN

The Autumn Fiction

MODERN CITY FOLK

"The Faithful Wife," by Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur Chater. Toronto, Ryerson. $2.50.

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

SIGRID UNDSET'S slowly moving humane feeling for the race does not altogether lend itself to the plot she has chosen in this novel. It is a story of city folk in a modern setting. In it there is a conflict of points-of-view underlying a marriage which on the surface is a success. The wife is an efficient woman holding an important position, but in her home and in her relation to her husband she is much like every other woman in a home and with a husband. They are really her world—that is her emotional world. Her work takes only the edge of her intellectuality. None the less, it does not appear so to the husband. Underneath he has been harboring the ancient desire of the male for the dependent woman and suddenly this gets out in the form of an extra-marital adventure. The shock to the wife and the still greater shock to the husband make a most involved emotional study. To it, Undset brings her now familiar depth of human compassion and her impersonal intellectuality. It is a fine study, but remote in feeling. The problem, acute and painful to the modern feminist, and still more so to the modern man adapting himself, or trying to, to the tempo of twentieth century womankind, is handled as if from a long distance. It is bare of emotion. The wife after making a gallant gentleman of herself and stepping aside and into an experience of her own, comes back and in order to do it fully gives up her work. It is back to the age-old racial stand of the woman, which is perhaps well enough, providing the economic situation will bear it. But what if it does not. Undset does not say.

BIOGRAPHY BY INVENTION

"John Cornelius," by Hugh Walpole. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran & Co. $3.00

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

THERE is an old solution of the Irish Question which suggests that the Irish and the Dutch should exchange countries, when the Dutch would inevitably turn Ireland into a prosperous garden and the Irish forget to close the dykes. Many people feel that equal benefits to humanity would accrue could crowded England exchange its present inhabitants for the almost equally congested population of Hugh Walpole's imagination. So few types would be left out they never would be missed. Dickens is, of course, this author's spiritual Godfather, the son still hopeful of populating the literary world with personalities as memorable as Mr. Pickwick and Lady Deadlock, Silas Wegg, Peggotty and all the rest.

It is this fertility of imagination that gives "John Cornelius" its value as a novel. Its form is difficult, many readers will even feel it clumsy. It is the biography of an imaginary genius, out of Walpole by the genius's mythical and intimate friend. This makes for a certain confusion and retarding of the flow of the narrative, particularly where other friends, a man and a girl, are called upon to substantiate facts and impressions. But the whole scene is so magnificently crowded with humanity, as a Brangwyn etching, and all so meticulously drawn. The amazing atmosphere of authenticity for which this author is famous was never more carefully conveyed.

John Cornelius, and his early life to the time he runs away from the school to which his chance benefactress has committed him, are completely invented. Small boys are one of the old Walpole specialties. John's form and features, weaknesses, ambition and charm are all made extraordinarily real. To describe and convey potentialities is, however, one thing, to prove genius quite another. John first comes to London and begins to write novels and fairy stories, the first a failure, the latter a recognized contribution to world art, or so Sir Hugh would have us believe. Unfortunately no amount of reiteration will actually make a reader believe anything about an imaginary character. Conviction is a more subtle affair than that, and conveying the spark the most subtle art of all. John makes friends and enemies among fellow writers, publishers, and critics, continues to write but with increasingly less assurance, and finally dies at the age of 40 in the arms of an enemy who turns out, somewhat mystically, to have been a dear friend.

There may be readers who will remain unconvinced of the Cornelius' genius. It is doubtful whether this will limit their enjoyment of the Walpole art. That it is an art, fluent, expressive and prodigal of imagination must be agreed. As usual he has set out to entertain, and if "John Cornelius" is not his greatest success to date as entertainment, faithful Walpolites can still raise a cheer.

PRIZE NOVEL

"Katrina," by Sally Salminen. Translated by Naomi Walford. Toronto, Nelson. $2.

BY SHEILA MITCHEL

KATRINA won the first prize in a recent Swedish-Finnish novel competition. The author is a Finnish girl who emigrated to the United States and worked as a servant. Her story springs from the homesickness of an alien living in the back-bedroom of a complex civilization and goes back to the simplicity of her own. Like the author, Katrina moved into a group not her own. Daughter of a Finnish farmer, she marries a sailor from one of the Aland Islands and finds life there not just what she had expected it, in the glow of romance, to be. It was a barren life full of labor, but Katrina, because of the dignity of herself, managed to bring dignity to it. The story takes her through all her experience of motherhood and widowhood and on into old age and death. It is written in the melancholy simplicity of all Scandinavian writing. The melancholy has no grandeur, as the Slavic melancholy has. Neither has it the wavering beauty of Irish melancholy. Both the Slav and the Celt produce melancholy, it would seem, in literature, for the sake of melancholy. With neither of them is it therefore altogether realism. With the Scandinavian it is, and the tone of it is, consequently, matter-of-fact, and the effect more depressing. With the Slav and the Celt expression of the sorrow of the spirit is a release to the spirit; the deeper the sorrow and the more convincing the expression of it, the greater is the release. With the Scandinavian one feels no release. One is held down to a non-

SALLY SALMINEN
Author of "Katrina".

HUGH WALPOLE
Author of "John Cornelius".

commital recital of life as it is; something to try the nerves and test the endurance. So it seems to a reader not Scandinavian.

A NEW IRELAND

"The Bridge," by Francis Stuart. Toronto, Collins. $2.00.

BY J. L. CHARLESWORTH

MOST writers who choose an Irish setting for their novels are so hypnotized by their preconceptions of Irish life and character that their work has a touch of unreality. Some are obsessed with the figure of the humorous Irishman and follow the comic tradition of Samuel Lover. At the other extreme is the unremitting grimness of Liam O'Flaherty.

Francis Stuart's Ireland lies between the two extremes. The central situation of his novel is farcical, and might easily have been treated so. The harbor of the little town of Fert is blocked because a bridge cannot be opened. Actually, the bridge is in working order, but a ship which has been bottled up in the harbor for some years has been found to be an excellent location for a still. So through a conspiracy of the distiller, the owner of a riverside tavern and the town engineer, Larry Byrne, the bridge remains closed.

Instead of exploiting fully the comic possibilities of his situation the author has chosen to make it a background for a curiously woven romance. The bridge connects the respectable portion of Fert with an island where live the disreputable characters, who live colorful lives and despise the smugness of the town. Playing his part in the conspiracy, Larry has to visit the island frequently, and there he meets Joanna, who has come to the island in a missionary spirit.

Also in love with Larry is Orla, daughter of the poteen maker, and the conflict between her and Joanna is symbolic of the conflict between the town and the island, between respectability and wildness. In the background are the shadowy figures of Joanna's husband and Larry's wife.

The central characters are strongly drawn. They are unmistakably Irish, but they are also universal. The minor characters, such as the police superintendent and the tavern keeper, are wholly delightful. Mr. Stuart has, in fact, produced a novel that is satisfactory whether read for entertainment or for appreciation of his literary skill.

CREOLE FAMILY

"Point Noir," by Clelie Benton Higgins. A Fellowship Prize novel. Toronto, Thomas Allen. $2.50.

BY EDWARD DIX

THE Sévigné family of Point Noir Plantation were creoles. They were French or, more correctly, they were of mixed French and Spanish blood and a class of people as peculiar to Louisiana as pralines.

(*Continued on Page 14*)

BOOK NOTES

KATHARINE HALE (Mrs. John Garvin) has written another travel book on Canada, called "This is Ontario."

FOR the first time in several years Stefan Zweig has turned from biography to writing fiction. His new book is called "The Buried Candelabrum" and is his version of the old Jewish legend of the seven-branched candlestick. Zweig has given up his home at Salzburg and is now living in London.

JOHN MITCHELL, better known as Patrick Slater, author of "The Yellow Briar," will have a book of verse, "The Water-Drinker," published by Thomas Allen. It is his first attempt at rhyme.

JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr., well-known for his biography, "Jeb Stuart," for his stirring war story, "Fix Bayonets!", and for his distinctive illustrations, has just written and illustrated "Gone to Texas," an exciting novel about Texas after the Civil War which Scribners will publish on October 21.

"RHYMES of the French Regime," according to the author, Arthur Bourinot, is an attempt to treat of Canadian history in an interesting vein in verse. It will be published shortly by Thomas Nelson.

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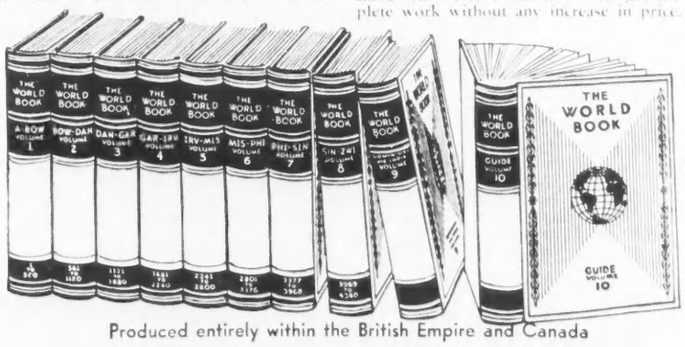

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Self-Conscious Artist

BY EDWARD DIX

"Testament of Caliban," by David Edstrom. Toronto, Oxford University Press. $3.

OF THE many people who helped to shape his art no one was more a friend to David Edstrom than his patron, Ernest Thiel, the Swedish millionaire. Thiel loved the man as greatly as he admired his work but felt that temperamentally Edstrom ought to try to grow up. One day that he was sitting to the sculptor he reproached him. "Are you never going to grow up so that one can depend upon you, grow free and easy with you?" Thiel asked. "This beautiful piece of work, now, if you took the notion you would not hesitate to smash it to pieces." No sooner was Thiel out of the studio than Edstrom did just that. He smashed Thiel's bust to bits. "I simply could not bear the challenge of any man," was his explanation.

This was Edstrom the artist being brutal and uncivilized. But people will more than suspect that it was also Edstrom the artist being plain bad-tempered. Where barbarism ends and bad-temper begins in the life of this strange and self-conscious artist is not easy to follow, supposing that you want to follow it for yourself. His autobiography is full of episodes of this kind, most of them tiresome and all invariably pathetic. One wishes that the Scandinavian gods whom Edstrom believed gave him his barbarism had at the same time presented him with a sense of humor.

"Testament of Caliban" is an instance where confession can be very good for the ego but a little hard on other people's ears. The trouble with Edstrom is that he rarely tells a story for the sake of a story and only because it was something that happened to *him*. The knowledge that he is being completely sincere does not quite make up for accounts of illnesses, heartaches, regrets, visions, tantrums, etc. One wonders why Rupert Hughes in his foreword compares Edstrom to Benvenuto Cellini. "Move over," says Hughes to Cellini, "and make room on the narrow shelf of great autobiographies for this self-life of David Edstrom. . . . . ." If we remember our Cellini, he'd never move over. He needn't.

Edstrom is a great sculptor and a man of genius and he had a hard struggle attaining greatness. Born in Sweden, he migrated with his parents to the Middle-West in the 'nineties and knew the bitterness of life on a poor Iowa farm. From boyhood he was determined to be an artist and he worked his way back to Sweden as a stoker on a cargo ship. There he entered the Royal Academy and from that moment his career was assured. He was still a young man when he became one of the foremost sculptors in Europe.

The tragedy of Edstrom's life is that for reasons of his own he spent as much effort on undoing what he had built as he had spent on creating it. Granted that he may have had more than his share of hard luck, his dissipations and madness were so much like the impulse that made him smash Thiel's bust that, being always truthful, he cannot very well conceal the pose. Edstrom is no Caliban. He would never stand to be Caliban. Like Benvenuto Cellini, Caliban can sit tight.

A VERY PERFECT KNIGHT

"Astrophel, or the Life and Death of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney," by Alfred H. Bill. Toronto, Ryerson. $2.50.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IT IS a commonplace of historical commentary that the last lustrous flower of the age of chivalry in England was the Elizabethan poet, warrior and diplomat, Sir Philip Sidney, incarnation of the "very perfect gentle knight" envisioned by Geoffrey Chaucer. In this scholarly and entertaining book we have a picture not only of Sidney himself but of the personages and events of the transition period in British history into which he was born. His many famous relatives and he played a remarkable part in all the public events of the later Tudor period—the three reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary and Elizabeth. In the stupendous game of politics as it was then played some of them went to the block; others saved their heads; but all were illustrious. He himself was born in 1554, when Mary was on the throne, and her consort Philip of Spain was his godfather. On his father's side, his forbears were knights, long in the service of the Crown and the name of Sidney is said to be an English corruption of the Norman name "St. Denis." But on his mother's side he came of powerful noble family of the Dudleys. Shortly before his birth, his grandfather, the Duke of Northumberland, and his uncle Lord Guildford Dudley were beheaded for having conspired to make the latter's young bride, Lady Jane Grey, Queen of England. Another uncle was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, accused of having compassed the murder of his wife Amy Robsart, though the Sidney family never countenanced this story. Another uncle was the Earl of Warwick. Relatives, near and distant, included half the peerage. But the father of Philip, Sir Henry Sidney, seems to have been a wiser and abler man than all his noble relations by marriage. He successfully served the three children of Henry the Eighth, was quite indifferent to the doctrinal differences in the great controversy between Catholic and Protestant, avoided political intrigues, and thus saved his head when on several occasions it was threatened. During most of Philip's youth and early manhood Sir Henry was Elizabeth's Viceroy in Ireland. One of the most valuable features of Mr. Bill's book is the intimate picture it gives of the shrewd Sir Henry, whose name is mentioned in few encyclopedias. There are some delightful pages revealing the care he took with the education of the son destined to win an immortal fame.

In fact the value and interest of "Astrophel," lie in the skill and vivacity with which Mr. Bill has drawn pen pictures of great figures of the period. By a very happy conceit he begins his book with a study of King Philip II of Spain in Madrid thinking of all that had happened to the godson, at whose christening he had condescended to be present. The same intimate dramatic touch is to be found in Mr. Bill's studies of all other characters. His descriptions of events which touched Philip Sidney's life like the Massacre of St. Bartholomew are admirable.

Mr. Bill's hero was so precocious that he was thrust into public life before he was 20. At 22 he was crossing Europe to Prague, intent on effecting an alliance of Protestant Princes. At 31 he was Governor of Flushing, Holland, then in British hands. At 32 he died heroically at the battle of Zutphen. But his name survives because he was a poet, the friend of Spenser, and from the latter's Elegy on Sidney, "Astrophel," the name of this book comes. Sidney himself wrote a work entitled "Astrophel and Stella" addressed to Penelope, daughter of the ill-fated Earl of Essex. Sad to relate the lady in later years turned out "no better than she should have been." Sidney's sonnets are an immortal treasure of English literature and his "Arcadia" is precious. But his poetry was written for his friends and was preserved in book form only after his death.

In this volume, the illustrations reproduced from contemporary paintings and prints are profoundly interesting. There is a print showing a picnic in the woods presided over by Queen Elizabeth which shows that this wholesome and still popular diversion goes back very far.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
From the painting by Zucchero, reproduced in "Astrophel".

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"The Legend of Ghost Lagoon," by Joseph Schull. Toronto, Macmillan. $2.50.

"Love of Earth," by Margaret Scribner Frost. New York, The Poets' Press. $2.50.

"Star-Haunted," by Gordon LeClaire. New York, Henry Harrison. $2.00.

"Poems," by Christopher Lee. Toronto, Longmans, Green. 62 pages. $1.25.

JAMES JOYCE

THERE ought to be some way of reading James Joyce's poems as though you had never heard of the fellow before. I'm not very sure whether they'd come off better in that case; but I do know that it is extremely difficult to form a detached estimate of their merits with Joyce's reputation looming behind them. The giant shadow of Ulysses is a bit overwhelming at the best of times, and much more so when it falls across the tranquil and slightly old-fashioned romanticism which is the essence of these lyries.

It is a pleasant enough romanticism—pleasant, but hardly impressive. There are none of the hammer strokes which one might expect from a man whose genius has even now become almost legendary. A few echoes of that power can be discerned in one or two of the lyrics; but the dominant note is a gentle piping, a trifle plaintive and resigned, somewhat in the manner of the younger Yeats. His love is "in a light attire among the apple-trees," or "amid the green wood with springtime all adorning her;" in any case she is pretty remote from the riotous and earthy scenes of Mr. Bloom's Dublin. No doubt she is better off, and the picture Mr. Joyce presents of her is not without attractiveness in its misty romanticism. But the implied picture of Mr. Joyce himself is unexpected and a trifle disconcerting—rather as though you had suddenly come upon a shy and middle-aged professor pretending to be a faun.

By way of contrast, there is nothing misty about Robinson Jeffers; and if there is any romanticism, it is of a distinctly modern type. It has its roots in a passionate revolt against the senseless cruelty of these present times; and the romanticism consists in a belief that the remedy is to withdraw from this gross human society and seek solace in "the splendor of inhuman things."

Mr. Jeffers is pretty vociferous about this—in fact it amounts almost to an obsession. But there is an angry and defensive note in such a lyric as "Blind Horses" which suggests that, away deep down, he cherishes a stubborn grain of doubt about the validity of this escapist philosophy—a doubt which most of his readers, I hope, will share to the full. He is at his best, not in these tortured reflective lyrics, but in the narrative verse for which he has so powerful a gift. The poem which gives his volume its title is not a pretty bit of work, but it is very definitely a vital one—a story of a grim and sordid tragedy and of a murder which in the end had no meaning at all. Its irony, conveyed solely by implication, is inescapable; the taut, nervous phrases carry the narrative in a gripping fashion; and the pictorial quality has a clarity that is almost a physical impact. It is the sort of writing that can make you feel the presence of bleak and splendid mountains without ever describing them at all.

Mr. Schull's narrative is a different set of buskins. It is a good old pirate story in romantic swinging verse that never flags in its enthusiasm. For good measure there are murders, and ghosts, and even a compact with the devil—the sort of ingredients that ought to rouse your blood and chill your spine. Actually they don't quite succeed in doing that, and the energy of the verses sometimes seems a little empty because the story itself has dropped a bit behind. Partly, of course, that is due to its underlying air of mockery. It is hard enough to do convincing melodrama, and almost impossible to do it with your tongue in your cheek. But it is a lively and light-hearted production; and if anyone has been looking for a yarn about pirates and ghosts and compacts with the devil, this is probably it.

As for the remaining volumes in this group, they might best be left in kindly silence. Of Mrs. Frost, who has fairies in the bottom of her garden, it can be said that her verses are happily unpretentious and have at least the appearance of being written primarily for the author's enjoyment; whereas Mr. LeClaire is not only continually conscious of the reader, but is continually hurling exclamation marks at him in an effort to attract a still greater measure of attention. Once or twice I had almost a suspicion that Mr. LeClaire might really have something to say, if he could only learn to say it directly; but always he successfully smothers it in wordy sententiousness. Mr. Lee, on his part, says things better but has really nothing to say after all; for however interesting his erotic adventures may be to him, they are hardly sufficiently novel to win very much attention from the average sensual man.

• •

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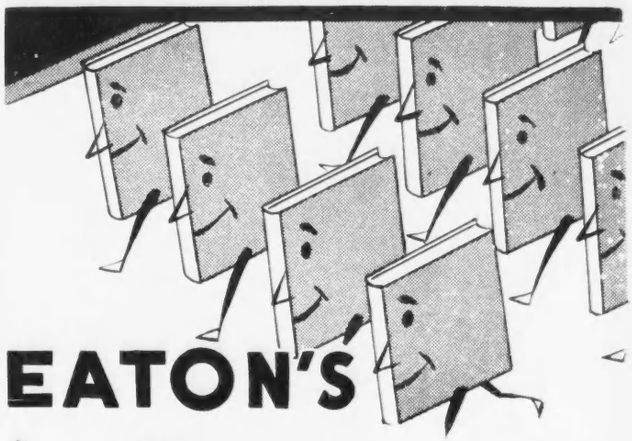

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OIL AND WHITEWASH

"John D. Rockefeller," by B. F. Winkelman. Toronto, John C. Winston. $1.50.

BY J. V. McAREE

JUDGING from the price this is a reprint with a new introduction brought out to satisfy the revived interest created by the death of the creator of Standard Oil. The book is well bound and printed and a bargain at the price. It is such a book as might have been produced to please the surviving Rockefellers, for if there is criticism, and there is little, it is unavoidable. The ruthlessness by which Standard Oil was built up into one of the world's greatest corporations is minimized, though even Mr. Winkelman is unable to avoid the admission that the pious Baptist perjured himself on the witness stand, and brought ruin to many independent refiners and retailers who stood out against him. But as a rule before he ruined a competitor he offered to buy him out, and those who accepted his offer, particularly if they accepted Standard Oil stock instead of cash became millionaires. Another thing to be said to his credit is that he always played fair with his stockholders. There never was any water in Standard Oil. John D. Rockefeller's was not the standard pattern of American monopolists who built up huge fortunes in the past half century. He had a better education than the average and he was a millionaire many times over before he was middle aged. It is impossible to deny or to minimize the man's extraordinary ability. Mere luck seems to have played an inconsiderable part in his career. He had vision and tenacity and courage. He remained calm under the most ferocious attacks to which an American plutocrat was ever subjected, even when he felt that he was misunderstood and misrepresented. Nor can there be any question about his fundamental piety. From youth he was a supporter of his church and foreign missions, at a time when a dime meant more to him than a million dollars did in later years. If he was the greatest accumulator of wealth who ever lived, he was the greatest distributor, and the wisest. He may be said to have made a billion and given it away; and probably there would be no end to the argument that on the whole his life was a blessing to his own and succeeding generations. Probably those whom he destroyed were fewer than those whom he helped. Therefore there is some excuse for a biographer becoming a eulogist, which Mr. Winkelman is, with the few exceptions noted.

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

"Makassar Sailing," by G. E. P. Collins. Toronto, Jonathan Cape. $3.

BY HENRY MORTON

G. E. P. COLLINS, who wrote that picturesque account of seafaring in the Dutch East Indies, "East Monsoon," has evidently settled down indefinitely on Celebes. "Makassar Sailing" is an account of his sojourn there during the greater part of last year, and contains the simple graphic descriptions that made his previous books so attractive. He built his own *prahu* in which he finally sailed to Makassar and a fair portion of the book is devoted to that feat of construction, extraordinary because of the odd and amusing difficulties he ran into. The book has an excellent anthropological value, for the author has made a close examination of the customs, habits and beliefs of the islanders, worshippers of Mohammed. Readers who like accounts of far distant peoples will find "Makassar Sailing" an extremely interesting book.

MODERN JAPAN

(Continued from Page 3)

and describes adequately the life of the people, the social structure, culture, religion.

To the author the cause of Japanese aggressiveness in world trade, in seeking sources of raw materials and new lands does not lie simply in the pressure of population and lack of resources.

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He sees this aggression as due to ideas emanating from a social struggle which has produced a dominating military caste with an ideology similar to that of Fascism in Europe.

For a man who has accepted the Soviet philosophy the author is surprisingly broadminded and objective, and deals sympathetically with the Japanese people and their problems. His intolerance is reserved for the militarists and large capitalist families of Japan.

Anyone who wishes a comprehensive view of Japan without going into the subject too deeply will find this volume very useful and easy to read.

WALTER LIPPMANN
Author of "The Good Society".

WILLEM THE CONQUERER

(Continued from Page 3)

were men of taste, yet this was a period of fantastic prosperity among the Jews. The answer is not suggested; it may be that the taste of the period was too much determined by one man, and that the prosperity did not last long enough to have its educative effect on the community as a whole. But a more probable theory, and one which fits with the cases of both Babylon and Carthage, is that where the disposal of wealth is largely in the hands of a priestly caste there is introduced a strong factor militating against art getting much of the money.

IMPENITENT LIBERAL

(Continued from Page 1)

ture, the less well can it be managed from one headquarters. It is "a maxim of human association that the complexity of policy, as distinguished from law, must be inversely proportionate to the complexity of affairs. For while a few things can be directed much, many things can be administered only a little." There is a specially valuable chapter on "The Agenda of Liberalism," for Mr. Lippmann is by no means urging us to return to 1929. He is particularly, and rightly, critical of modern corporation law, and ridicules the current assumption that there is no choice today except between allowing corporations to retain *all* their present privileges and taking them bodily over to be administered by the state.

GALLANT OF HISTORY

(Continued from Page 1)

government mattered a very great deal. So, deciding that Catholicism suited the general French temperament better than Protestantism, he himself became Catholic and set out to give the country a normal experience, free from epidemics of religious sadism.

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every standing hair of the head into the awful anguish of the period, and is pushed through the raging turmoil of the time. Reading it might seem like a vivid bad dream of the race were one not conscious of an undercurrent of warning through the writing. This, Mann is saying, is what can happen, and does happen over and over again in history, when the emotions of the mob are manipulated without any regard for reason, by the calculations and designs of certain repeating types of human being.

THE PERSONAL LIBRARY

(*Continued from Page 1*)

art and literature and history and science. To refer to such books as practical is only to tell half the story. There are many pleasures to be found in books; not the least of which is the large personal satisfaction to be obtained from the realization that no matter how fugitive or obscure the forgotten fact, one has only to turn to one's bookshelf for the calm certainty of tracking it down.

"THE ITALIAN DISEASE"

(*Continued from Page 2*)

those countries, Italy and Germany, "where the tradition of the Roman world-empire had struck the profoundest and most persistent roots." "The real core of Nazism is the medieval universal Roman Empire of the German nation." As for "the Austrian low-class neophyte, brought up in a tradition of Empire, Jesuitism, Inquisition and Baroque," "the Aryan and Pagan make-up which he borrowed from some dressing-room in the Wagnerian opera will fade from his perplexing head under the sun of history, if the sun is to shine long enough above that head." And he adds that in the Russian state also one may detect powerful survivals of the Eastern creed of the Byzantine Church.

The whole book makes most exhilarating reading. Professor Borgese is too human to expect us to take all his philosophic theses with the deadly seriousness of the cloistered scholar. The most damning charge which an outside liberal can make against the Fascist régime is to point out that men of the quality of Borgese and Salvemini cannot live any longer in their own country.

PRINCES OF GOSSIP

(*Continued from Page 2*)

I foresee a photographed God, wearing spectacles. On that day civilization will have reached its peak and there will be steam-propelled gondolas in Venice."

It is surprising that these journals have never before been translated into English, but perhaps it was worth waiting to have the job done properly by Mr. Lewis Galantière. The French original is in 12 volumes and the translator's first task was one of compression and selection. It must be admitted that he has performed the operation very neatly and with impeccable taste. Some readers may regret perhaps that Mr. Galantière stopped has extracts no further than 1870, thus depriving them of many vivid passages on the Siege of Paris and the Commune and of amusing comment on later figures such as Zola, Maupassant and Daudet whom Edmond observed alone after his brother's death. But the translation is admirable and the translator, who is something of a kindred spirit to the Goncourts, has appended a malicious and penetrating biographical glossary, commenting on all the persons mentioned in the book. It is not one of the least attractive features.

W. F. QUARRIE

WORK IN PROGRESS

(*Continued from Page 4*)

sensory powers of man, of the capacity of the human will and spirit to transcend the physical body and the material universe.

In the still undisclosed volumes of "Men of Good Will" Viaur may reappear as a minor character, or even disappear altogether. But these chapters one feels certain are crucial to the author's final intention. It is impossible as well as presumptuous to attempt to predict the conclusions of a mind as unique as that of Jules Romains. At the same time it is hard to believe that so powerful and daring an intelligence can fall back in the end on aridity and negation.

BOOK NOTES

TWENTY years ago, W. F. Quarrie, a young business man, born near Newmarket, Ontario, and educated in Toronto at Harbord Collegiate Institute, became financially interested in a Chicago publishing company, the company which is today the principal publisher of school encyclopaedias in the United States. Throughout the years Mr. Quarrie's interest in Canadian educational problems has continued. Within the past few months he has organized W. F. Quarrie & Co., Limited, to produce and distribute a modern school encyclopaedia for Canada, a reference set meeting the requirements of the present-day program of study. "The World Book," printed in London by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, and bound in Canada by the Canadian Watchman Press, is an all-British publication, with twenty-three Canadian contributors as members of the Editorial Board. The editor for Canada is Lawrence J. Burpee, F.R.D.S. The new encyclopaedia, six volumes of which are already available for distribution, is bound in the finest grade of library buckram, gold stamped. The remaining four volumes will be delivered before the end of the year.

ALTHOUGH but a year old, the National Book Fair, to be held in the King Edward, Toronto, from November 4 to 13, inclusive, has already established itself as the premier literary event of the year. So great was its initial success, when more than 16,000 people attended, that the 1937 Book Fair will be almost 50 per cent bigger. More floor space has been obtained, more book stalls will be installed and more exhibits of various natures will be displayed.

One of the outstanding exhibits secured for this year will be a replica of the "Great Bible," which was presented to King George VI by the Archbishop of Canterbury during the coronation ceremonies. This is the only replica in North America and may be seen daily during the course of the Book Fair.

So successful was the Book Fair last year that when its doors open on Friday, November 5, more than 200 publishing houses, representing the United Kingdom, the United States and Canada will be represented and will show the best books of the current year, including poetry, drama, travel and romance. One of the feature exhibits will be that of boys' and girls' books and a selection of the 50 best books published.

Arrangements have also been made to include special afternoon and evening programs at which will appear well-known authors, including many Canadians of note.

One of the foremost events of the Book Fair will be the inaugural dinner, on Thursday evening, November 4, at which addresses will be given by prominent speakers, to be followed by a preview of the fair.

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LIGHT COMEDY

"Summer Half," by Angela Thirkell. London, Hamish Hamilton. 7/6.

HERE is a delightful comedy set largely in and about an English boys' public school. It combines fun and sentiment with sundry illuminating passages on the relationship between boys and masters that indicate clearly Mrs. Thirkell knows whereof she writes. The trio of upper school boys are particularly well done, and Hacker's chameleon will remain a tender memory when weightier matters are forgotten. Lydia, the hero's sixteen-year-old sister, is another delight, and "lovely Rose Birkett" is about as nasty a female job as one can imagine, in an entirely negative way. Indeed, Rose's appalling mental vacuity is a bit incredible, though good enough for purposes of farce. "Summer Half" is light, entertaining, witty, skilfully put together, sanely crazy in spots, and uncannily sound in its hitting-off of the foibles of the common-room. It is neither important nor momentous nor significant, but it will give more pleasure to more people than most books worthy in a publisher's eye of any of these adjectives. There is a very pretty though somewhat insipid and almost entirely irrelevant drawing of honeysuckle on the jacket, but do not let that deter you from a most readable yarn.

POST-WAR "WHOOPSY"

"Recapture the Moon," by Sylvia Thompson. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart. $2.50.

IF ANYBODY really likes to read of the doings of munitions manufacturers' spoiled and over-rich children, as they roam the world in quest of excitement and sensation, dabbling in literature, play-writing, painting, pornography, matrimony, drugs and perversions, here it is. Miss Thompson has written practically a novel a year since her first great success with "The Hounds of Spring" in 1926, and she knows how to write. Proof of that fact lies in this: that she contrives to make us understand and feel sympathy for as unpleasant a collection of disillusioned and over-sexed weaklings as one can remember for some time. There is no attempt to justify either their actions or the conditions of environment and education that made them possible, or, as Miss Thompson would seem to believe, inevitable, and so, by implication, Miss Thompson may be said to condemn these conditions, and therefore to have written a fiercely model book. Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that her own bias is a wee bit in the direction of the flesh-pots, chromium plated, exclusive and *de luxe*.

PEKING CLASSIC

"The Gate of Happy Sparrows," by Daniele Vare. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran. $2.25.

SIGNOR Vare, secretary to the Italian Legation in Peking, chronicler of the reign of Tsu-Hsi, dowager empress of China, and last of the great Asiatic rulers, is also the author of a series of domestic sketches, "The Maker of Heavenly Trousers," setting forth the life of a charming European family against a Chinese background. In "The Gate of Happy Sparrows," the author continues these sketches, widening his scheme to include anecdotes of servants, pedlars, priests, temples, dogs, inns; legends and folk-lore, and tales of the dramatic contact of East and West. The chapters are neither essays nor short stories, though they have the flavor of both. The same characters recur again and again, and through the series run charming reminiscences of the courtship and young married life of Kuniang, the heroine of the previous book. The sketches are written in a style that delights and fascinates with its easy flow and quiet humor. This is a book to read slowly and savor, and put aside for rereading and lending—with proper security—to friends worthy of it.

SPANISH COLONIAL

"The House in Antigua," by Louis Adamic. Toronto, Musson. $3.50.

THE house in question is a modern restoration by Wilson Popenoe and his wife of a three-hundred year old house built by a Spanish colonial grandee in Antigua, former capital of Guatemala, and left deserted since the great earthquake of 1773, which made Antigua a city of ruins. Dr. Popenoe is an American botanist and pomologist, world authority on tropical fruits, and since the death of his wife he has kept up this house as a sort of show-place, living in it only when his work in the interior permits him.

Louis Adamic visited the house as a tourist in 1936, became Popenoe's guest, and heard from him the early history of the house and an account of its restoration, which fascinated him so much that this book is the result. It will disappoint readers of "The Native's Return," being in effect little more than a glorified Sunday supplement magazine article. Adamic pieces out his material with fragments of history, hypothesis, personal experience, and biographies of the present owner and his wife. The best things in the book are the many photographs, and extracts from the late Mrs. Popenoe's diary, which reveal her as an exceptionally gifted and charming woman.

TRUE LOVE IN CUMBERLAND

"The Faithful Compass," by Doreen Wallace. Toronto, Collins. $2.00.

JOHN GAY'S
"Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee"
is the source of Miss Wallace's title. Marianne is faithful to Hilary, who ignores her till the last chapter, and Rodney is faithful to Marianne till pretty nearly the last page, and Viola is faithful to her absentee Hector as a result. The characterizations are well done, although one feels more than irritated at Marianne's use of Roddy, and Roddy's submission. The minor figures, notably Marianne's father, and the washerwoman's daughter, and old Wilson, are particularly good. Where the book excels, however, is in its rendering of the Cumberland countryside, the fells and lakes and woods. The account of a fell-hunt, with the mists coming down, and the pictures of the shepherds and their dogs, are outstanding. The account of Lady Marian and the education of her daughter Marianne seem to be a clever and true picture of Edwardian "county" society. Apart from its long-drawn-out and sentimental plot, this book is well written and quite readable.

DOUGLAS JERROLD
Author of "Georgian Adventure" (Collins), an autobiographical record of the days of George V., which will be reviewed shortly.

From "Their Eyes Were Watching God".

BLACK ECSTASY

"Their Eyes Were Watching God," by Zora Neale Hurston. Toronto, Lippincott. $2.25.

THIS is a first-rate piece of work, by a negro writer, about the life of the negroes of Florida. The heroine, Janie, brought up by her granny, a freed slave, marries three times. The first is arranged for her, to an old farmer. Then she goes off with up-and-coming Joe Starks, who is ambitious and domineering. He makes himself mayor of the first self-governing negro municipality, and the wealthiest man in town. After his death, his widow and heiress goes off with Tea Cake, gambler, banjo-player, field laborer, with whom she finds happiness until his death as a result of injuries received in a Florida flood. Janie goes back to her old life as Joe Starks' rich widow, made richer by a varied and passionate experience of life.

"She pulled in her horizon like a great fish-net. . . . So much of life in its meshes! She called in her soul to come and see."

The book has a spiritual and universal quality, and a salty and individual flavor, a zestful tang of words dropping from a people that love to talk and listen, and seldom read or write books.

EXILE FROM GERMANY

"Lost Heritage," by Bruno Frank. Toronto, Macmillan. $2.75.

DR. FRANK is one of that honorable band of expatriate German men of letters who have been victims of Hitlerism. "Lost Heritage" is a novelized version of the most nightmarish chapter of modern German history, which impresses by its restraint in depicting the brutal sadism of the Nazis, and by the almost dispassionate intellectual contempt he pours on the present guiders of Germany's destiny.

Its hero is a young German nobleman, related to most of the royal houses of Europe. He is a man of integrity and culture, who becomes involved in an ill-fated monarchist *coup d'état*, and has to leave the country. Learning of the imprisonment of his old tutor, he returns secretly to Germany and helps him escape to England, arriving in time to join the thousands who file past the dead body of George V. as it lies in state. The rest of the book tells of his life in England, as he attempts to readjust himself to the ways of poverty and exile. The book contains a particularly fine tribute to the British crown and the affectionate sanity of the English people. It is written in skilful fashion, and may be considered either as an absorbing and well-written novel, or an authoritative document in modern history.—W. S. MUNRO.

WE ARE NOT SHOCKED

"Testament of Stephen Fane," by Neil Bell. Toronto, Collins. $2.50.

TO ONE who has wasted much time in reading modern fiction, Stephen Fane is no novelty. He is merely the latest in a long line of characters who have attempted to tell the facts of life to an adolescent world.

Twenty years or more ago, when Ann Veronica was shocking the reading public and what a stodgy female she was—no publisher would have dared to handle Stephen Fane's confessions. But about that time our writers discovered that rich material lay unworked in the studies of Freud and Havelock Ellis, and they have been profitably mining the vein ever since.

With painstaking detail Stephen Fane describes his sex life from his first seduction to his latest mistress. His ladies include school girls, the wife of his best friend, the inevitable French girl, in fact all the stock types. His autobiography purports to be written for the instruction of his son, who presumably will need little instruction if he inherits his father's traits.

More amusing than the protagonist of the novel is a minor character whom he meets in the army. His philosophy recognized that the main purpose of man was the satisfaction of two appetites. By the light of pure reason he then discovered the ideal woman—an amorous cook.

A SCOTCH FAMILY

"When the Wind Blows," by N. Brysson Morrison. Toronto, Collins. $2.00.

THE declining fortunes of a Glasgow family a century ago are the theme of Miss Morrison's latest novel. When the story opens in 1825, the Murrays are gay, prosperous and united. Then three disasters shatter their security: the death of the eldest son, the death of the father and the discovery that the family's wealth has been embezzled by a trusted friend.

From that point the author traces the effects of the tragedy on the remaining six children. Stavert, twin of the boy who was drowned, never recovers from the loss, and becomes more futile as the story progresses. Clementina, the eldest sister, breaks her engagement and becomes an old maid. The younger children are stronger characters and it is with their development that the chronicle mainly deals.

Although the plot of the story is slight, it is handled in a crattsman-like manner, and the atmosphere of nineteenth-century Glasgow is convincingly recreated. The writing is marked by a restraint that is rare in novels of this type, especially Scottish novels. Miss Morrison has a disarming trick of describing the events leading up to a big emotional scene so well that one can imagine what the next chapter will be. But when the reader turns the page, he finds that the promised scene has been left to his imagination. The device both saves space and intensifies the dramatic effect. J. S. Chartlesworth

One distinguished novelist salutes another!

THE RAINS CAME

by Louis Bromfield

"A magnificent and noble piece of work, by far the best he has done. It will sell by the hundreds of thousands." — Edna Ferber $2.75

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MRS. H. M. SWANWICK
Author of "Collective Insecurity" (Jonathan Cape), which will be reviewed shortly.

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TEN VIOLENT TALES

"We Are Ten" by Fannie Hurst. Toronto, Musson. $2.50.

TEN short stories, or ten condensed novels by Miss Hurst who "is to-day one of the highest paid short story writers." Curiosity as to how this eminence has been achieved may be satisfied by examining the stories. Here is the opening sentence of "Nothing Ever Happens." "The day was like a punctured bag of flour slowly clouding upward into the face." And the closing sentence of "Elaine, Daughter of Elaine," "She waved, with her doll, at the District Attorney." The doll contained the missing piece of evidence which would have hanged the baby's father. Mr. Heywood Broun writes, as quoted on the inside flap of the cover, "She packs every ounce of power at her command into a single phrase." Indeed she does. To read "We Are Ten" is like living through a volcanic eruption. As for instance, female character stabs male character with shears and the act is witnessed by the occupants of a stalled Ferris Wheel. A number of other ways of ending life abruptly are dealt with in "We Are Ten." Readers who delight in violent fiction will find it here.

SWEET AS HONEY

"Jacinth, or Being an Uncle," by Denis Mackail. Toronto, Musson. $2.00.

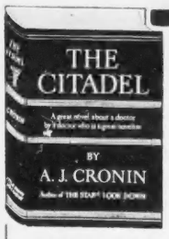
AGAIN, we have here a series of twelve short stories, urbane, delightfully written, as sweet as honey, exemplifying two lovely nieces reacting to eligible and ineligible young men. The stories are humorous with thoroughly nice and lovable characters. Gentleman addresses wife and daughter, "Go on, darling, please don't argue. Shut up, Beryl. All right, Simon." To be taken as an effective rest cure.

THE SHADOW OF WAR

"War on Saturday Week," by Ruth Adam. Toronto, J. B. Lippincott. $2.50.

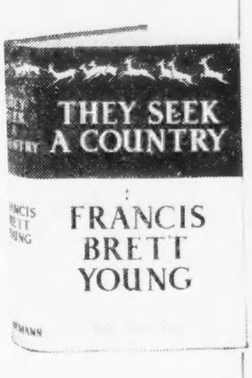
THIS FIRST novel is written with earnest conviction and is not in the least amateurish. The theme of the story is that present circumstances, private and national, are leading inevitably to war. The narrative begins with children in the last war, traces the effects of destruction, gradually working into a delineation of the curtailment of present day liberty and the lessening of democracy. It is a poignant narrative. The theme overshadows the book's characters. But "War on Saturday Week" cannot be read either lightly or complacently.

(Continued on next page)



THE CITADEL
By Dr. A. J. Cronin
This great new novel of a doctor's career at present heads both the British and the American best-seller lists, having sold over 90,000 and over 75,000 respectively. $2.50

THEY SEEK A COUNTRY
By Francis Brett Young
Said to be Francis Brett Young's greatest novel. A story of England and South Africa a century ago. $2.50



THE HARVEST COMEDY
By Frank Swinnerton
This long-awaited novel is the **Daily Mail** Book of the Month and a Book Society Recommendation. $2.50

NO HEARTS TO BREAK
By Susan Ertz
A vivid historical romance of a Baltimore girl who married Napoleon's youngest brother. $2.50

SNOBS AND SPIRES
By Austin F. Cross
A new collection of travel sketches—even better than **Cross Roads** which was such a success last year. $2.50

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE
By Heinrich Mann
A brilliant novel based upon the life of Henry of Navarre. $3.00

LIFE WITH MOTHER
By Clarence Day
More delightful stories of Father as well as Mother by the inimitable author of **Life with Father.** $2.25

IN THE STEPS OF MOSES
By Louis Golding
A splendid travel book by the author of **Magnolia Street.** 24 pages of beautiful illustrations. $2.50

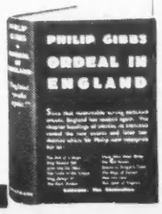
THIS IS ONTARIO
By Katherine Hale
A fascinating travel book on Ontario, illustrated by the famous camera-artist "Jay." $2.50

THE SOUTH WIND OF LOVE
By Compton Mackenzie
The second volume of "The Four Winds of Love." A Book Society recommendation. $3.00

THE FORBIDDEN JOURNEY
By Ella Maillart
Peter Fleming wrote his story of this great trek in last year's best seller **News from Tartary.** This is his companion's story and it is already a best seller. $3.75

TOM THOMSON
By Albert H. Robson
A charming little gift book by the well-known author of **Canadian Landscape Painters.** 10 full-colour illustrations.
Cloth, $1.00; Paper, 50c.

ORDEAL IN ENGLAND
By Sir Philip Gibbs
England speaks again—a vivid picture of what England is thinking to-day. $2.50



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CANADIAN GIRL

"Jane of Lantern Hill," by L. M. Montgomery. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart. $2.25.

MRS. Ewan Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery) has created another delightful little heroine. The greater part of the story belongs to Prince Edward Island and is as winsome as can be, healthy, happy and wise, with red sands, sparkling seas, delectable food, an interesting plot and lovable people. The opening in Toronto, one regrets to say is a trifle depressing as a portrait of one's native town. But the end makes up for that; the native town is shown as an agreeable place in which to live. "Jane of Lantern Hill" is to be counted as a certain favorite for girls the world over.

UNPLEASANT WORLD

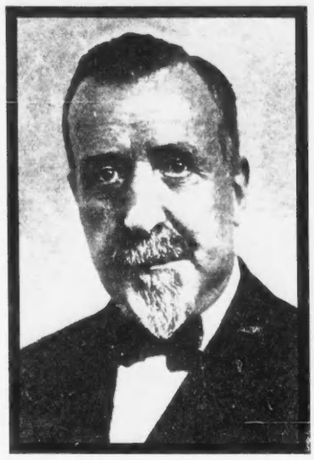
"A Date with a Duchess and Other Stories," by Arthur Calder-Marshall. Toronto, Jonathan Cape. $2.00.

MR. CALDER-MARSHALL is a sophisticated writer. In his case, realism belongs to the variety which in actual truth does not exist. "A Date with a Duchess," the opening story, presents natural characters and is written in a strong, unaffected style. "Mr. Thomson" and "The Rich Man" are equally effective. As much can hardly be said for the other stories in the collection. Mr. Calder-Marshall has undoubted ability and in many respects clear sight. But the world he presents is exclusively unpleasant. Odd that we should so often feel it a thing is unpleasant it must be true. For all that, the present author succeeds only in making one doubt his ability to present an unbiased view of anything.

LOVE AND DANGER

"Worth While," by Percival Christopher Wren. Toronto, Longmans, Green and Co. $2.00.

MR. P. C. WREN has packed "Worth While" with fighting, love, romance, hairbreadth dangers, flying officers, secret service men, Russians, Hindoos, Mohammedans, incredible bravery, endurance beyond words, high honor and low deceit, giving full measure to his admirers; please note length of novel, 420 pages. There are several heroes: John Vere-Vaughan, Major Bartholomew Hazelrigg, Richard Wendover, Shere Khan; two heroines, Sybil and Charmian; and such a villainous villain that only one is required. Angels and devils are clearly separated in the text. The reader regrets to say that there is a good deal of torture; one believes that torture if required in a story should take place only off-stage. But "Worth While" is an excellent novel in its class.



HEINRICH MANN
Author of "Young Henry of Navarre" (Ryerson Press) which is reviewed on the front page of this issue. Heinrich Mann is a brother of Thomas Mann, the celebrated novelist.

REALISM IN MAINE

"Monday Go to Meeting," by Kenneth Payson Kempton; Oxford University Press, Toronto, 357 pages, $2.50.

THIS novel belongs to the Discoverers Series. It is a story about Maine, minutely observant, pungent and as far as one can judge, true to reality. Just so, we are forced to believe, would Ambrose Coombs talk to young Drew, the schoolmaster who had been going round with his daughter Albie. "Monday Go to Meeting" is native American, hard as granite in places, real and lasting attributes which belong also to the quality of granite. The novel comes to an end with an account of a priceless town meeting. There is at least one terrible scene and even the love-making cannot be described as idyllic.

LADY WILLISON.

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ISLAND ADVENTURE

"Empire For a Lady," by Alan Le May. Toronto, Oxford University Press. $2.25.

SOMEWHERE half way between Australia and Borneo in the romantic south seas is a fictional island with the musical name of Balingong. Roll time back half a century or so, bring in the beautiful daughter of an archaeologist, with political ideas, working out her father's dreams, two Yankee traders and gunrunners, an armed schooner and a jungle fortress, clash between head hunting Dyacks and cruel and hardly Malays and you have the setting for a yarn to delight any adult Henty reader.

Possibly because the real world of today is an unpleasant place to contemplate, and romantic adventure offers such a desirable release from the dull strain of everyday living, the adventure yarn has risen in recent years out of the pulp class, where it slumped after the days of Stevenson, Conrad and Rider Haggard, to the fine writing level. While Alan Le May is no Conrad he builds a yarn of exciting suspense and dangerous excursions with excellent prose and characters real enough to lend that color of credibility necessary to maintain modern reader interest.

MAN AT SEA

"Sea Way Only," by Humphrey Jordon. Toronto, Musson. $2.50.

"SO WHAT!" is the only adequate comment on some novels. If a book is bad there is plenty to say about it. If it is very good there is also plenty to say but not as easily said. But an astonishing amount of good writing goes into books that are simply unimportant. In this vague class fits "Sea Way Only." Dullish in plot and mainly unexciting in detail it leaves the possibly false impression that life on an ocean liner is not as interesting as on the old sailing schooners.

Except for a few situations of humor and danger, reader interest is held only by Captain John Coke's tenacious adherence to his job and rating with the Ocean Transport Company. Against the vagaries of fate and directing board politics he succeeds by his stern self control and almost priggish British character.

But every nice girl loves a sailor and every nice boy (who never ran away from home and sometimes wishes he had) loves a story about a sailor. If like myself your only chance to go to sea is by the printed page you should and will read this book.

BOY AND GIRL

"Sally Lunn," by Leo Walmsley. Toronto, Collins. $2.00.

THIS story of a fisherman's family in an English sea coast village is told with a nice balance between objective detachment and sympathetic understanding often lacking in local color folk novels. The characters are not dangled before the reader as quaint specimens nor are they soul tortured, helpless puppets of grim relentless fate. They are a group of very human people.

Idiom is used with an easy naturalness, accent and dialect are suggested with an effective clarity to produce lively and plausible dialogue that strengthens individual characterizations. The author has an awareness of the intriguing irony of circumstances that determines events in human lives.

The events recorded in the Lunn family were merely their progression from coble boat to keeler and their removal from one to a neighboring village. But so deftly is the interest maintained in the drama and incidents of this progression that the reader experiences a start of surprise on realizing he has read a romance on the old "boy and girl" theme.

G. M. GRANT SMITH

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CREOLE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 6)

They were not cajuns. Imagining *Le Congrès de la Langue Française* at Point Noir, one feels that they would, like the Sévignés. They would find there a pure accent and good manners, whereas cajun French, like cajun manners, would probably shock them. The way Madame Sévigné, the mistress of Point Noir, felt about cajuns, they were less than human they were nobody—cajuns.

With wealth, servants, a great plantation house and a dilapidated motor car (but the only one to be seen at Point Noir), the Sévignés were somebody. They would be somebody whether or not they had lived bounded by bayous and boredom on a dreary Louisiana sugar plantation. Today Sévignés are living in new colonial homes on St. Charles Avenue and belong to every exclusive carnival club in New Orleans. Mrs. Huggins is not writing of her side of southern life from the point of view of Mr. Caldwell or Mr. Faulkner of Mississippi. At the same time she is not writing of creoles as Mr. George Washington Cable used to write of them in the good old romantic days.

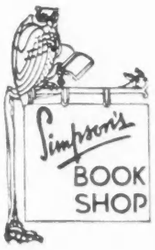
Mrs. Huggins is not remotely romantic: Point Noir is a tragedy, a very bitter tragedy, dark without hope all the way through. Here are people who could have been completely happy, if they had only been willing to compromise with reality. They could not compromise for the reason that they did not know how. Possessing more than enough to make life something better than just

The WATER-DRINKER
By PATRICK SLATER, $2.00

The public who gave their generous support to "The Yellow Briar" when it was published a few years back and the thousands who are reading it today will be interested in "THE WATER-DRINKER" which is written by the same hand; and its publisher ventures to say that those who secure a copy of the first printing of this book will have no regrets, financial or otherwise.

(AT ALL BOOKSTORES)

THOMAS ALLEN, Publisher - - - Toronto, Canada



The books listed in this supplement are obtainable at Simpson's, as well as popular editions of old and modern classics.

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bearable, the Sévignés were helpless to use any part of it.

A lone Paul Sévigné had known. He was their father, loud, reckless, carefree. Like everyone else on the plantation, his children adored him. But Paul Sévigné died and from that moment the shadows began to settle on Point Noir. From then on each Sévigné went his own way: La Madame Sévigné to insanity; Valentine, the daughter, to an incredible selfishness; Simon to futility; Felix to murder and self-destruction.

Life for the Sévignés was like the great house of Point Noir. There you walked in spacious rooms, under high ornamental ceilings, between mirrored walls. But summer and winter you caught your death of cold. It was like the ballroom chairs gilded and antique but too uncomfortable to sit on; like the black servants who swarmed inside the house, not one of whom could be taught to do one thing efficiently.

WAR IN THE AEGEAN

"The South Wind of Love," by Compton Mackenzie. Toronto, Ryerson. $3.00.

BY W. S. MILNE

I HAVE not yet had the pleasure of reading the first volume of Compton Mackenzie's "Four Winds of Love," but volume two, "The South Wind," is a very satisfying piece of work in itself. It continues the life-story of John Ogilvie from 1912 to 1918, and takes us from London to New York and for a moment to Toronto, where John's play is tried out, to Naples, to Paris, and back to London again. When war breaks out, Ogilvie is rejected for active service, but at length lands a job in Intelligence. He is sent to the Aegean, where he eventually is put in charge of British hush-hush throughout the islands. An idyllic romance ends tragically, and Ogilvie, another stage of his development completed, returns to England.

This is an exceptionally fine novel. Mackenzie has been saving up a great deal he has wanted to say about many things, and has said it now at the height of his powers with pungent clearness and sure artistry. He has no mercy for the politicians, and the struggle for women's suffrage, the Irish revolution of 1916, and the ghastly horrors of Gallipoli, are presented in unforgettable fashion. The secret service part of the story is somewhat in the key of Somerset Maugham's "Ashenden," though Compton Mackenzie does more to fit the seemingly meaningless antics of Intelligence bureaus into the thought-pattern of European politics and intrigue. There is much salty humor, and a wealth of fine minor characterizations. Some of the naval portraits are particularly good. The author has accomplished the difficult task of making us feel the glory and glamor of the isles of Greece, even in the midst of the Venizelos-Constantine intrigues, the jealousies of Salonika, and the bloody Anzac beach fiasco. He does little to increase our confidence in our politicians, much to help our will to believe in the fundamental decency of the British as individuals. This is a really notable novel.

ROMANTIC CHARACTER

"John" by Irene Baird. Toronto, J. B. Lippincott. $2.25.

BY LADY WILLISON

THIS is a first novel which introduces a new Canadian writer. The author was born in the north of England and she has lived in Canada since 1919. "John" is a romantic novel, devoted to the study of one character, a character practically without a flaw.

Three brothers represent John's generation in the Dorey family, woollen manufacturers in the north of England. Richard and James carry on the business. They had expected John to follow the same occupation. But he prefers life in British Columbia. The Doreys are honest, slow-going, unimaginative people. John wants to be free. He owns ten acres in Lisk, bordering on a lake. For a while, he drives a mail route, and so meets Danae, an attractive young woman who like John needs solitude. She has a husband and a son. John and Danae fall in love, but John encourages her to return to her husband. The passing of the years brings John no information beyond the fact that the Carewes have had another son and then that they had returned to England. When John is an old man, Danae's eldest son comes to see him and from him John learns that Danae's affection has been constant.

Altogether, "John" is an idyllic story. It is said to resemble "Mr. Chips." The present reviewer finds a closer resemblance to Mrs. Boileau's popular romances. The novelist has written carefully and with not a little charm; doubtless in her next romance Mrs. Baird will omit or prune such sentences as the following: "In town, night's bosom blazed with gorgeous semi-precious stones. Only a few wise wanderers knew that she kept her diamonds to patch ragged country skies and her pearls to scatter over the sea." One is glad to welcome a novel likely to give pleasure to many and a writer of promise whose work will add variety as well as other likeable qualities to Canadian fiction.

FOR AND ABOUT GIRLS

"The Longest Way Round," by Lady Willison (Marjory MacMurchy). Toronto, Macmillan. $2.00.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

SOME years ago Lady Willison wrote a very lovely book, "The Child's House," about a little girl named Vanessa. Now she gives us another book, for, by and about girls of all ages, with another fascinating heroine. "The Longest Way Round" is good reading and old and young will find pleasure in it.

Letty Bye is a cheerful little person with any amount of energy, courage, loyalty, affection, and that most uncommon of all things, real common sense. She seems to me to be typical of all that is best in our Canadian girls. She is a child when the story begins, she is a mature and self-reliant young woman when it ends. We follow her career with unwaning interest from the time she says good-bye to her mother who is going West, through the years in Hiawatha Harbor and Woodycrest . . . . the exciting basketball game between the Woodycrest A's and the Brownites II is one of the best things in the book . . . . until the happy day when we leave her dancing with her mother in their own dear home at the end of the long road.

Letty is only one of many charming folks in the book. There is good Mrs. Traut, who doesn't hold with "highfalutin' ways" but is invested with a never-fading glamor because she had seen Queen Victoria in her girlhood, Aunt Alinda who loved to teach but couldn't keep house or remember to put the children to bed at the right time, George Augustus who always knew his own mind and didn't believe in being brought up by women, the twins who locked themselves in the garret and couldn't get out, Doody Hill who could run and Ishbel MacPherson who could dance, Torquil MacPherson who was Torquil only on Sundays but Scotty the rest of the week and who knew who everyone was and where everyone lived because he drove a truck, even Julia O'Connor who was a born actress but wasn't exactly compounded of sweetness and light, not forgetting Joe the canary, and Jim Crow the Woodycrest cat, who climbed trees and couldn't climb down . . . . you'll love them all.

It may seem ungracious after so much pleasure to carp at a minor grievance. But why, oh, why, did Lady Willison call those delightful people who "neighbored" with Letty the Blanhammers? I have never agreed with Shakespeare . . . . who luckily isn't alive to worry over the fact . . . . that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. It wouldn't. So I ask again . . . . why Blanhammers? George Augustus will certainly get the Legislature to change it for him when he grows up.

PATRICK SLATER
Author of "The Yellow Briar", whose volume of verse "The Water-Drinker" will be published by Thomas Allen.

NAVAJO SAGA

"The Enemy Gods," by Oliver La Farge. Toronto, Thomas Allen. $2.50.

BY G. W. HICKS

WITH consummate skill and a deep understanding of his subject, Oliver La Farge has created his fifth novel since the publication of "Laughing Boy" which won the Pulitzer Prize. In "The Enemy Gods," Mr. La Farge tells the story of Myron Begay. Divine Arrow is his Navajo Indian name, who as a child is taken to a white man's mission school to be educated. Myron believes he has solved his life's problems when he learns the white man's language and customs. A visit to his people after several years in the mission school restores him to his Navajo heritage for a time, but then the long arm of the white man reaches out, and he is snatched back to be crammed into a mold for which he is not suited. For years Myron stays away from his people, years in which the white missionaries shape his life, making of him a fine scholar and athlete, the pride of the mission schools. But Myron himself becomes more and more confused. Torn between Navajo customs and a religion that are ingrained in his bones, and the customs and christian religion of another people that have been impressed upon his mind, he breaks under the nervous strain, kills a Mexican who has taunted him with being an Indian. Then, neither a white man nor a Navajo, he flees to his people, wanders aimlessly through Navajo country in an attempt to work out his life's equation. Depending upon himself, and placing faith in his own unguided opinion for the first time in his life, Myron presents the solution to his dilemma and outlines his people's future in his own words: "Just following the old Navajo way won't save us, and we can't walk in the white man's trail. We have to give up a lot of little ideas, that we have held because they were the best we knew. If we want to save ourselves we have to learn to use the white man's knowledge, his weapons, his machines and still be Navajos."

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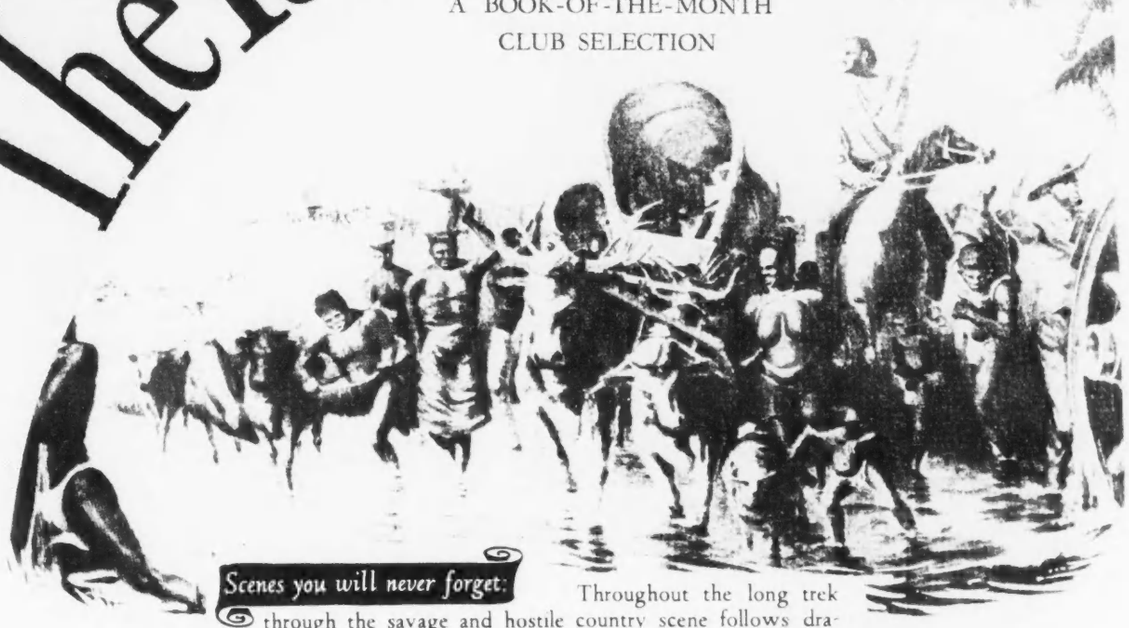

Scenes you will never forget: Throughout the long trek through the savage and hostile country scene follows dramatic scene: the Kaffir ambuscade; the bush fire; the Zulus' war dance and the great battle with these mighty warriors; adventures with savage beasts — lions and leopards, baboons, bison, and elephants — all superbly described; the scaling of the mountain pass and the Boers' first view of their future home.

Characters that live: There is Hendrik van der Berg, leading his people to the promised land like a bearded prophet from the Scriptures. There is Sannie van Reenen, around whose fatal beauty the story turns. There is Zwart Piete du Plessis, scout and hunter whose wild adventures in the African hinterland with an old witch-doctor for guide make one of the most exciting sections of the book. And, above all, there is the amazing figure of Tante Anna de Jong, midwife and matchmaker, philosopher and wit, a female Falstaff who has lived life to the full.

"It has a breathtaking pace," writes the English novelist, E. Arnot Robertson. "It is the first book that has done justice to the Voortrekkers, to the depths of their fanaticism and cruelty, to the magnificence of their courage and humor. Under the small, leisurely, convincing details of that familiar life, told lovingly by a man who sees each day afresh, is the feeling of a burning, impatient spirit, pouring out its harvest of loneliness, a full, rich garnering of endurance and knowledge, and a curiously personal, indomitable joy." $2.50

COLLINS *The Publishers* TORONTO

Undiscouraged

"Zeppelin," by Captain Ernst A. Lehmann. Longmans, Green. To order. $3.50.

BY A. H. SANDWELL

ERNST A. LEHMANN, who died of injuries received in the dramatic burning of the Zeppelin airship "Hindenburg" at Lakehurst, N.J., on May 6th, 1937, was not only a great airship captain but a great exponent of airships and a raconteur. Like all airship personnel, he was imbued with a steadfast and abiding confidence in the future of the lighter-than-air vessel. More than twenty-three years of airship service, most of it as skipper, over four years of it during the world war, had made him, with the possible exception of Dr. Hugo Eckener, the most experienced dirigible commander in the world, and had left him more than ever the enthusiast.

This enthusiasm communicates itself to the reader of "Zeppelin," which, in non-technical language and remarkably clear and compact form, traces the development of the rigid dirigible from the launching of the first crude ship of 50 or 60 horsepower in July, 1900, through the heroic wartime years when, at one time, a new Zeppelin emerged from the works every 14 days, to the triumphant series of voyages made by the "Hindenburg" during the summer of 1936. Time after time, just when triumph seemed to be within reach, another airship would "go west." During the war they went in batches, sometimes two or three at once. But through it all, the unshakeable faith of old Count Zeppelin and his staff, together with the genuine contribution of his dirigibles to the cause of the Central Powers, enabled the rigid airship not only to survive but steadily to improve. Each disaster taught its lesson.

After Zeppelin's death in March, 1917, the jovial Dr. Eckener assumed control. His hardest task was to keep the organization alive in the immediate post-war years, when Allied regulations almost strangled it. He it was who wooed the Americans with the LZ 126, rechristened "Los Angeles" and still intact after thirteen years of service, and later with the "Graf Zeppelin" in 1928. One by one, the difficulties had been overcome, until the only technical problem still unsolved was that of the inflammable lifting gas, hydrogen. It took the destruction of the "Hindenburg" on American soil, which event is ably dealt with by Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, U.S.N., in the concluding chapter of this book, to move the United States to permit the exportation of non-inflammable helium gas for the "Hindenburg's" as yet unnamed sister ship, the LZ 130, now nearing completion at Friedrichshafen.

The pros and cons of airships have been violently debated, often with a regrettable lack of knowledge. To those who would be able to speak of airships with some authority, this book is heartily recommended.